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STEEL STOCK AT 10.

Perhaps the most interesting phase yet exhibited of the decline in industrial stocks is the development of a situation where the market value of a controlling interest in the gigantic United States Steel Corporation is less than \$40,000,000.

That is to say, on Tuesday ready cash to that amount, relatively small as corporation figures go, representing, indeed, but little more than one-third of the concern's net earnings for its first year of business, would have been sufficient at the day's quotations to acquire control of the billion-dollar company, its ten constituent companies and twenty-six subordinate properties.

By such an investment full dominance of 77 per cent. of the national steel-making industry could have been secured. In the annals of commerce there have been few developments so dramatically interesting. The situation provided a fitting climax to the greatest known romance of trade. No novelist of commercial themes, no Norris or Frederic has conceived a more striking denouement of a decline in values.

It is a queer change in the kaleidoscope of finance that a year has brought forth. The king of 1902 is, in Mr. Carnegie's phrase, the pauper of 1903. None is so poor to do him reverence.

Yet the mills that produced last year's wealth have not deteriorated. The basis of the great company's wealth is apparently as firm as before. If its expectation of profits is less it would seem not to be so much less as to warrant the shrinkage which has occurred. If the beginnings of the stockholders' panic are traced to the revelations of the Shipbuilding Trust scandal the promoters of that dubious enterprise are given much to answer for beyond their direct accountability.

In shaking the confidence of the nearly 100,000 Steel stockholders they have disseminated a feeling of distrust in industrial investment to nearly every village and hamlet in the land and occasioned a more general and lasting disturbance of stock values than even a Black Friday could effect.

WOMANLY SELF-RESPECT

Has it occurred to any of the women who made a mob of themselves in the endeavor to satisfy an idle curiosity about the Goelt-Roxburgh nuptials that she should be thoroughly ashamed of herself?

The reportorial record of the scenes outside St. Thomas's Church during the ceremony and within the sacred edifice after the bridal party had left is an amazing chronicle of feminine indecency of behavior. Women in silks rode at each other's gowns "in a mad effort to get somewhere and see something." They crawled through a coal hole into the basement of the church, broke down the chancel rail and tore rare orchids from the altar. Hysterical with excitement, they forgot their delicacy and womanly self-respect. They screamed and pushed and threw the place into an uproar.

And all for what? To get a glimpse of a bridal couple with whom they had no acquaintance, to obtain a souvenir of a private social event to which they were not invited and their presence at which constituted a gross breach of good behavior for which there was no excuse.

The Goelt wedding invasion was exceptional only in the extent to which the indecent exhibition was carried. Unhappily, the "well-dressed woman" of the type of which it was composed is far too much in evidence. She is seen too frequently in public on missions of idle curiosity bent, which bring reproach on the sex and make mere man blush to think that she can stoop to such loss of self-respect.

LAST OF THE "WHEEZERS."

Municipal musical standards have been elevated within a year by the banishment from the streets of the asthmatic hand organs, commonly known as "wheezers." Since the establishment of the mendicancy department of the Charity Organization Society in June, 1902, 200 of these decrepit organs have been "retired" from active service and gathered in by the department.

These antique music-boxes are regarded by the Charity Society as among its most interesting trophies. Certainly their contemplation should inspire melancholy reflections in the observer. In proportion to the quality of the music which they rendered their earning capacity appears to have exceeded that of German opera. The sight of a bent and enfeebled old woman grinding out a dolorous tune on a dark night with a rift of snow at her feet was a great coin-producer from the pockets of the sympathetic. Here, at least, was a genuine case of deserving destitution. No sham about this endurance of the bitter cold by the cheerless old mendicant. The coin came out with an internal glow at the thought of the good deed done.

But it develops that the squalid creature was usually in good circumstances, sometimes with a bank account. The pedigree of several of the old women revealed the possession of comfortable homes and influential relatives. So cruelly do the society's facts conflict with the sentiment of fiction.

CITY WIVES FOR KANSANS.

At the time of the attempt of Kansas immigration agents to induce New York saleswomen and factory girls to leave the metropolis for domestic service in the prairie State The Evening World pointed out the futility of such an inducement to entice a girl from the electric lights of Broadway to a kerosene lamp in a farmhouse kitchen.

It appears that the bait is now made more attractive by the offer of husbands for the fair city emigrants. That is an inducement of a different sort and the Kansas employment agent has since had his mail heavily burdened with letters from New York girls who wish to know what sort of life partners they can find in the farm lands. He feels that if he were inclined to turn his office into a matrimonial bureau he could keep busy supplying husbands for women who want to get out of stores and shops and spend a quiet life on a Kansas farm.

Such is the power of love to change the appearance of the landscape. A prairie home plus a husband is a different proposition.

These young women are now afforded an opportunity to go West and grow up with the country under the best advantages. There are no Populists in Congress at present, and the Kansas farmer's political chances are not what they were. But even with the prospect of living to be a Governor's wife cut off a thriving quarter section with a great farmhouse is not to be despised.

There are lace curtains and pianos and telephones in the farmhouse nowadays and always the possibility that one will go to a dollar again.

LITTLE DIXIE==The Coon Baby Does a Little Stunt in Car-Seat Politeness.



The Man You Will Never Forgive

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

YOU have quarrelled with him. Your head aches. Your eyes are red. And the people who ask you what the matter is ought to be murdered. There is nothing the matter!

It is very strange that you can't go up to your own room, where it is quiet and the blinds can be lowered to keep out that frightful glaring sun, without every member of the family trooping up to ask if you are ill and why you don't come downstairs.

You forget how the quarrel started. It was nothing he said. But what was it? If your head were not buzzing so you could remember. You recall every thing that followed, however, each scornful sentence that he uttered, each recriminating phrase with which you replied. Some of those phrases were really clever as you remember them. They ought to be in a book. And yet—and yet—clever as they were, you would a little rather they had been only in a book.

Not that he did not deserve them, of course. For he did, and all the other and better ones you have thought of since. Why can't you keep your mind on the dreadful things he said instead of letting it wander foolishly to the first time he ever kissed you? Why must you feel again—now of all times—the wonder, awe, delicious fear of that first moment? Why laugh—bitingly—tolerantly—tenderly—at the recollection of the silly things you both said then?

How strong he was, how sweet, how gentle, laughing just when your emotion might become too strained, always seeing and never taking the one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and yet caressingly serious just when you wanted him to be. How happy he was! How happy you were! Do you remember the sparkle of his eyes, the myriad sparkles that rose and blended with one another as they do in the middle of a champagne glass? Something rose in your own eyes, too. But you were not sure whether they were sparkles or tears.

As you stood looking out in the dusk together the long street burst into flame. What seemed a regiment of twinkling lights appeared the embattled dark. Nearby they were separate, distinct jets, but in the distance they converged into one luminous point, like the lights in your life, your thought.

You knew that one was a mere illusion of the eye; the other one walked and walked for miles the street lights grew no nearer together. But the other? Why should it prove a will-o'-the-wisp of the senses that you may never grasp? It is all over.

You will never forgive him though he should plead for hours on his knees. That is why you get up and open your writing desk and write ten notes and tear up nine.

And why later you put on the blue dress that you wore that first afternoon and do your hair over three times in the way that he likes it best.

And why when the doorbell rings and the man who will never forgive stands before you—but no, it would not be fair to say what you do then.

OTHER WAY AROUND. Soph—Do you think kleptomaniacs are catching? Fresh—No, it's taking.—Yale Record.

NO MONOTONY. Wederly—My wife is a woman who always speaks her mind. Singleton—Her conversation must be rather monotonous.

Wederly—Not at all. She's constantly changing her mind.—Chicago News.

TACTLESS GIRL! Mrs. Stokes—You seem to have a pretty good girl now. Mrs. Styles—Oh, yes; Margaret does very nicely in most things, but she hasn't a particle of tact. The idea of her hanging all the old duds on washing day in conspicuous parts of the yard and hanging nice things in hidden corners.—Boston Transcript.

FATAL SIGN. The honeymoon is over when the bride begins to eat onions.—Philadelphia Record.

The Importance of Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

He Applies His Gigantic Brain to Solving the Famous Problem of Sister Ann's Age.



HAPS AND MISHAPS IN ANIMALVILLE.



LETTERS, QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Yes, At Any Seed Store. To the Editor of The Evening World: Some time ago I read that mushrooms can be raised from spores. Is that a fact, and where can the spores be bought? M. A. R.

Where Does the Blame Rest? To the Editor of The Evening World: I am seventeen years old, honest, strong and willing to work. As I am out of work now my parents say I must get out and keep myself, although I have nothing except what I wear. I have always tried to do my best, but my employers do not seem to be pleased with

anything I do and they discharge me without the least notice. I never received any kind of decent wages, although I did my work as well as the rest of the boys. I have no bad habits. Can readers tell me where the fault lies in all this, and what is the remedy? DISHEARTENED BOY.

Sixth Avenue Trains. To the Editor of The Evening World: Who can explain why there are not more cars run on the Sixth Avenue "L" in the intervals between the rush hours? Having occasion to travel on those cars several times a week during

those intervals (as I studiously avoid the rush hours), my experience, which doubtless voices the general experience, is as follows: After waiting for from five to ten minutes for a train (I am a busy woman) at the several downtown stations in the shopping districts that I happen to get on at on my home-bound trip, I have in the majority of cases to fight my way into the already over-filled car to seek an unoccupied strap. A seat, until we near Harlem, is out of the question. Mrs. C. W. F.

A "Liberty" Complaint. To the Editor of The Evening World: I wish to call attention to an imposi-

tion and official neglect. Last Sunday a party of my friends, some residing out of the city, wished to visit the statue of Liberty. We took the boat leaving the Battery at 4:30 o'clock and landing at 4:35. The captain informed us that the boat would leave at 5. There were about thirty passengers. The man who seemed to have charge of the keys to the statue informed us it was too late to enter and refused positively to unlock the gate. He informed us the boat had not started on time and the result was disappointment and disgust. The boat did not leave the statue until 5:15 o'clock, the same official being a passenger on the boat.

WILLIAM BUTLER, No. 370 State street.

The Man Higher Up

The Critics, the Managers and the Public.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that some of the managers are making a roar about the way the critics have been passing it out to their plays."

"The managers are always making a roar," said the Man Higher Up. "A critic can't satisfy a manager, and it is hard to get a play and company that will satisfy a critic. Nine out of ten criticisms that haven't got a horseshoe nailed to the outside of the glove that hands them out say 'The piece is all right, but—'

"The reason there are dramatic critics is because people like to read what the dramatic critics say. Newspaper readers don't go out and bet on the dope of the dramatic critics, though. They look at an account of a first night of a show as they do at an account of a murder, and lots of times the accounts are similar."

"Managers complain that critics don't know anything about stagecraft, and that's no lie. The managers think that critics ought to be retired actors, but the only actors who ever went into dramatic criticism have been there with the hammer every time. The trouble with the critics is that most of them don't pretend to try to learn anything by reading about the art of writing plays or acting. Few of them read anything but their own stuff and the stuff the rest of the bunch writes."

"The critic that don't know the o. p. side from a make-up box will sit down and throw the harpoon into a stage setting that has cost a manager \$5,000, and express surprise when the manager emits loud cries of agony. On the other hand, a manager will stack up a production and charge \$2 a seat for it that would be roasted in Kalamazoo, and then he wonders why the New York critics unanimously put the kibosh on it. It don't take a dramatic critic to discover that a piece is on the frimfore. The dear old public gets next in a hurry."

"Sometimes the critics knock a show that sticks out and makes a winning. 'Florodora' made the critics of New York look like a gang of sign painters in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. On the opening night every critic in town with one exception threw the boots into it. Nevertheless the show ran so long that the house ushers quit because they got tired of hearing the sextet."

"Nearly every critic in New York is a graduate from the reportorial ranks. They get their start by being assigned to go up Broadway and gather in the stories of the press agents. After a while they get a crack at a minor performance, and if they show that they have ability in the way of straining ridicule or sarcasm through a typewriter they are in a fair way to be doomed to go to a show every night during the season for the rest of their lives. What Sherman said about war is applicable to the life of a dramatic critic in such a season as has just been started. To have to sit through all the punk that has been placed on the New York stage since summer would make anybody but a case-hardened critic go around inquiring as to the relative effects of carbolic acid and illuminating gas."

"If the critics don't like the plays, why don't they write a few themselves?" asked the Cigar Store Man. "The critics have answered that question," replied the Man Higher Up. "Look ye, Horatio, and give ear, b'chee. To hear the critics tell it a critic who could make Shakespeare resemble a man drawing plans for a brick chicken-house might offer a masterpiece to every manager in the business and have it turned down."

WOMEN'S STRANGE JOBS. In England and Wales alone, we are told, there are 4,000 women bootmakers, 3,323 ropemakers, 4,370 saddle-makers; and so on, there are 27,707 barmaids; 3,850 butchers. But it is a hopeful sign that 5,140 women earn their living by gardening. There are 3,000 cycle-makers, 117,640 tailors, who are women; there are 279 undertakers, 12 shepherds, and almost every trade has at least one woman representative in it, even the dock laborers and road workers.

CIVILIAN GENERALS. In the long line of men who have been and who will be at the head of the army until the retirement of Wood, in 1904, none since Schofield has been or will be West Point men. Neither Miles, Young, Corbin, Chaffee, MacArthur nor Wood is a graduate of the famous Military Academy. All except Wood came over from the civil war.

"MOUNTAIN" PAPER WEIGHT. The German Emperor uses as a paper weight on his writing desk the summit of one of the highest mountains in Africa. Dr. Buehner, an African traveller of some fame, broke the piece of rock from the highest point of Mount Kilimanjaro, which is on German-African ground, and presented it to the Emperor.